

DOUGLAS GROUP



1941

"WHITE CAPS"

YEARBOOK

Class of 1941

VASSAR BROTHERS' HOSPITAL

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK



JUNE, 1941



To DR. STIBBS, the Class of 1941
dedicates its year book in sincere
admiration of his professional abilities

With Gratitude To V.B.H.

Lured by the romance of high brick walls,
Of fresh-starched aprons and loud-speaker calls,
Thrilled by the thought of the newborn cry
The midnight rounds, and the charts piled high,
Drawn by the drama of ambulance screams
Of shining scalpel and x-ray beam,
Intrigued by the rumor of internes' charms
We all came clambering to your arms.

Our fingers you took from the schoolgirl's pen
And taught them to find the pulse of men,
Our eyes you took from field and hill
And taught them to see each sign of ill.
Our feet you took from a dancing gait
And taught them to speed, to lead, to wait,
Our ears you turned from a singing sky
And taught them to hear the feeblest cry
The voice you changed from the careless pitch
To a tone that is gentle and sweet and rich.

All you have given, we cannot name,
Kindness to broken, disheartened and lame,
Sympathy for both the rich and poor
Courage to help the weak endure.
Patience and smiles when things go wrong,
A head that's level, a heart that's strong.
Though it's seldom shown—To the last it's true.
We're grateful for these three years with you.

VIRGINIA BROCK

White Caps Board

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Mary Alice King

ASSISTANT EDITOR

Helen E. Johnson

BUSINESS MANAGER

Mildred Gruner

ASSISTANTS TO BUSINESS MANAGER

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Mary Pfeider

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Annette Sarinsky

LITERARY ASSISTANT

Virginia Brock

FACULTY ADVISOR

Sara L. Sweet

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President Grace Ann Lyon
Vice-President Judith B. Sandleben
Secretary Doris R. Cole
Treasurer Kathryn L. Van Valkenburgh

CLASS MOTTO

"Enter to learn, forth to serve"

CLASS COLORS
 Maroon and Gold

CLASS ADVISER
 Jean L. Davidson

CLASS FLOWERS
 American Beauty Rose
 and Baby Breath

CLASS SONG

(Tune of *The Old Refrain*)

Now is the time to part with you, dear friends
 And it's with saddened hearts our training ends.
 We loved the days of yore we spent with you.
 But now we say good-bye and bid adieu
 To all the ones whose help we needed so
 We give our gracious thanks as now we go.
 We have to journey on and make our way
 But in our hearts so true you all will stay.
 So now farewell and best of luck to you
 We'll always think of you and Vassar too.

CLASS SONG

(Tune of *Oh Susannah*)

We came to dear old Vassar in the year of '38
 And then we donned our smocks of blue
 And wondered at our fate

Chorus:

Oh dear Vassar, don't you shed a tear
 For in our hearts we'll think of you
 And give a mighty cheer.

We found ourselves in '39

Our knowledge had so grown

We learned about anatomy and what is muscle tone

Chorus:

We found out what went on beyond the doors of A and B
 Each and every one of us enjoyed surgery.

We went into the N.&T., the D.K. too

It won't be very long before our special work is through.

Chorus:

And here we are in '41

Three happy years we've had

Although we're glad to graduate

The parting makes us very sad.



RACHEL F. McCRIMMON
Director of School of Nursing
Graduate of Vassar Brothers Hospital



RACHEL E. COLE
Ass't Director of School of Nursing
Graduate of Vassar Brothers Hospital



SARA L. SWEET
Director of Education
Graduate of Newton Hospital



EDITH L. LINDBERG
Practical Instructor
Graduate of Vassar Brothers Hospital

SUPERVISORS AND ASSISTANTS



Standing (left to right): Miss Davidson, Miss Brink, Miss Nicksie, Miss Humphrey, Miss Tripp, Mrs. Kimlin, Mrs. Van Dyne, Miss Kolbinski, Miss Sease, Miss Tyler, Miss Gleason, Miss Marshall
Seated (left to right): Miss Knapp, Miss Beck, Miss Minkler, Miss Claire, Miss Fullam, Miss Davis, Miss Fergusen, Miss Battenfeld, Miss Shepard



DIETITIANS

Miss Grace Thompson
Miss Frieda Reuman
Mrs. Sara M. Davis

CLASS OF 1941



BARBARA BEAM

LA GRANGEVILLE, N. Y.

"Babs"

*A true success my life can be
Though fame and riches I renounce
It isn't what life gives to me
It's what I bring to life that counts*

VIRGINIA BROCK

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

"Jini"

*I don't pretend that life's all good
That nature's always sweet and kind
I love the world the way it is
The truest love is never blind*



ADELAIDE CARROLL

PLEASANT VALLEY, N. Y.

"Carroll"

*She looks on things with friendly eyes
And casts out little hates
And loves with all her heart
And life reciprocates*

DORIS COLE

HOLMES, N. Y.

"Colie"

*Although I'm wide awake at night
And counting sheep in numbers
When morning comes no power on
earth
Can drag me from my slumbers*



ORIL FAULKNER

NEW KINGSTON, N. Y.

"Ollie"

*Be proud when you do a thing well
No matter how humble your place
For it's pretty good team work at that
To help on the whole human race*

MILDRED GRUNER

HIGHLAND, N. Y.

"Millic"

*I'll live each moment to the full
For though they soon are gone
Piled up they'll make me quite a past
To build the future on*





ELIZABETH HUSTED

AMENIA, N. Y.

"Betty"

*I do not mind conventions now
I know just how to take them
I keep them until I'm bored and then
Exulting I break them.*

JANE JAMIESON

DELHI, N. Y.

"Jamic"

*I lie awake at dawn and think
How sad it is all over town
Lie other freezing souls like me
Who have to put the windows down*



HELEN JOHNSON

RHINECLIFF, N. Y.

"Sunny"

*By those who do not know her
She may be judged aloof
But she's loyal, gay and witty
As friends, we have the proof*



MARY ALICE KING

MONTICELLO, N. Y.

"Mary Alice"

*In all the things I do in life
The way that others view them
Should matter not as much to me
As reasons why I do them*



MARJORIE LASHER

HYDE PARK, N. Y.

"Margie"

*I'm yawning from morning to night
It's awful the hours I keep
I simply can't live long enough
I'm afraid, to catch up on my sleep*

JEANNE LEWIS

STAMFORD, CONN.

"Jeanne"

*If I should spend in working
The intellect and care
I use on cross word puzzles
I'd be a millionaire*





GRACE ANN LYON

HYDE PARK, N. Y.

"Grace"

*I think of witty things to say
I'd be considered bright
Except I always think them
In the middle of the night*

BEATRICE MOHURTER

BEACON, N. Y.

"Bea"

*I feel a stranger on this earth
Surprised at every thing I see
I'm sure that somewhere in the sky
Another world is meant for me*



ELIZABETH NAGLE

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

"Bettie"

*Though troubles help to make us
strong
Every time they come
I find it hard to think of this
When I am having one*



GLADYS PERRINE

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

"Perry"

*Life is most mysterious
But though it's hard to see
A bit of reason for it all
It means a lot to me*



MARY PFLEIDER

ARLINGTON, N. Y.

"Piff"

*The butterfly just floats through life
As careless as a bubble
I walk a stern and moral path
A soul is lots of trouble*

RUTH PLAIN

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

"Windy"

*Always put off 'till tomorrow
The worry that threatens today
Because you may find when that time
comes
The reason has vanished away*





FLORENCE RICHARDSON

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

"Flo"

*Gossip shall not cramp my life
Boldly through the world I'll walk
I'd rather far be talked about
Than one of those who merely talk*

JUDITH SANDLEBEN

HIGHLAND, N. Y.

"Judy"

*Why should I yearn for honors great
Enough for me my work well done
How often thus I meditate
And scorn the fame I've never won*



ANNETTE SARINSKY

MARLBORO, N. Y.

"Annette"

*In my youth I set my goal
Farther than the eye can see
I am nearer to it now—
I moved it nearer me*



EDITH SICKLER

HIGHLAND, N. Y.

"Eddie"

*I like myself the way I am
Of faults I've more than one
If any one reformed me though
I'd miss a lot of fun*



HARRIET SINCERBOX

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

"Sincy"

*I do not long for wealth or fame
I crave no laurel wreath
I yearn to turn a hand spring though
And whistle through my teeth*

LILLIAN THOMPSON

ANCRAM, N. Y.

"Tommy"

*I've had some awful illnesses
And accidents that stretch me flat
But anyway I'm still alive
And lots of people can't say that*





KATHRYN VAN VALKENBURGH

SAUGERTIES, N. Y.

"Van"

*For all I know fate goes ahead
It's own ways not regarding us
Well, if I cannot change a thing
I'll make an awful fuss*

DORIS WILHELM

ELLENVILLE, N. Y.

"Willy"

*Nothing that happens can hurt me
Whether I lose or I win
Tho life may be changed on the
surface
I do my main living within*



IN MEMORIAM

TO

JAMES E. WALKER

Chief Engineer at Vassar Brothers Hospital
from

January 13, 1936 to July 30, 1940

Recipe

FOR A WELL SEASONED, EXPERIENCED NURSE

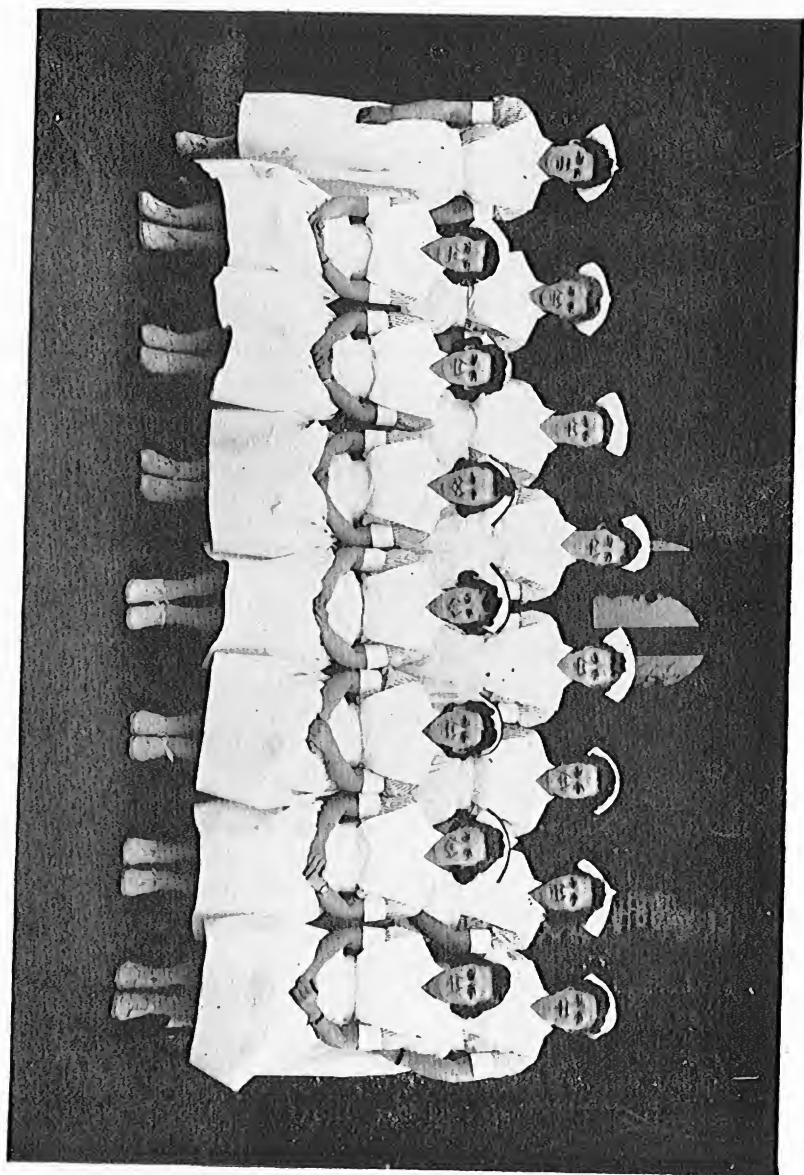
INGREDIENTS:

One normal high-school graduate, one long-sleeved blue smock, 4 mitered corners, several boners, two white headed hat pins, one dish of sectioned oranges, one kelly clamp, one oxygen tent, one blue band, one good-looking interne, two loose-leafed note books, plenty of text books.

PROCEDURE:

For a submissive spirit, first thoroughly chill "preclinicals" with initiation; gradually stir in cap and bib, interspersing with Hallowe'en and Christmas parties. Pour out in various sections—Home I, Corridors 1 and 2, Home 2, and Tower Home. Remove certain portions entirely from procedure and send to Vassar College or Babies' Hospital for three months. Fold in Cupid's Frolic, semi-formal dances at Tennis Club, and outdoor hot-dog roasts. Add dash of blue bands. Be sure mixture is sprinkled liberally with night duty, vacations, late leaves and overnights. After three years decorate with white uniform and black band; garnish with pin and surround with long-awaited graduation exercises.

Recipe tried and recommended by class of 1941.



Nursing Case Study

VASSAR BROTHERS HOSPITAL.

I. Name of patient—class of 1942

Address—Vassar Hospital, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Admission—February 7 and September 10, 1939

Discharged—Year of 1942

Service—Hospital—general

Diagnosis—Inexperience

II. Social History

Age—18 - 24

S.M.W.D.—?

Nationality—Mixed

Occupation—Student nurses

III. Medical History

Past—Our first classes, days of new experiences on the ward. We cleaned false teeth with the powder that holds them in place, disappeared when doctors appeared, scrubbed mouth thermometers in hot water, hunted for sterile ice, and used Dobell's gargle for a wet dressing.

Present—Inexperience versus experience, chills and high fever from trying times in the D.K.; headache and prostration from long O.R. hours; rapid pulse and quickened respiration from first deliveries.

IV. Treatment

Dose of rest from hospital routine while affiliating at college. Three months of city life while at Babies' Hospital. Days of work and hours of study.

Specific Results:

Valentine's Day. Six blue bands.

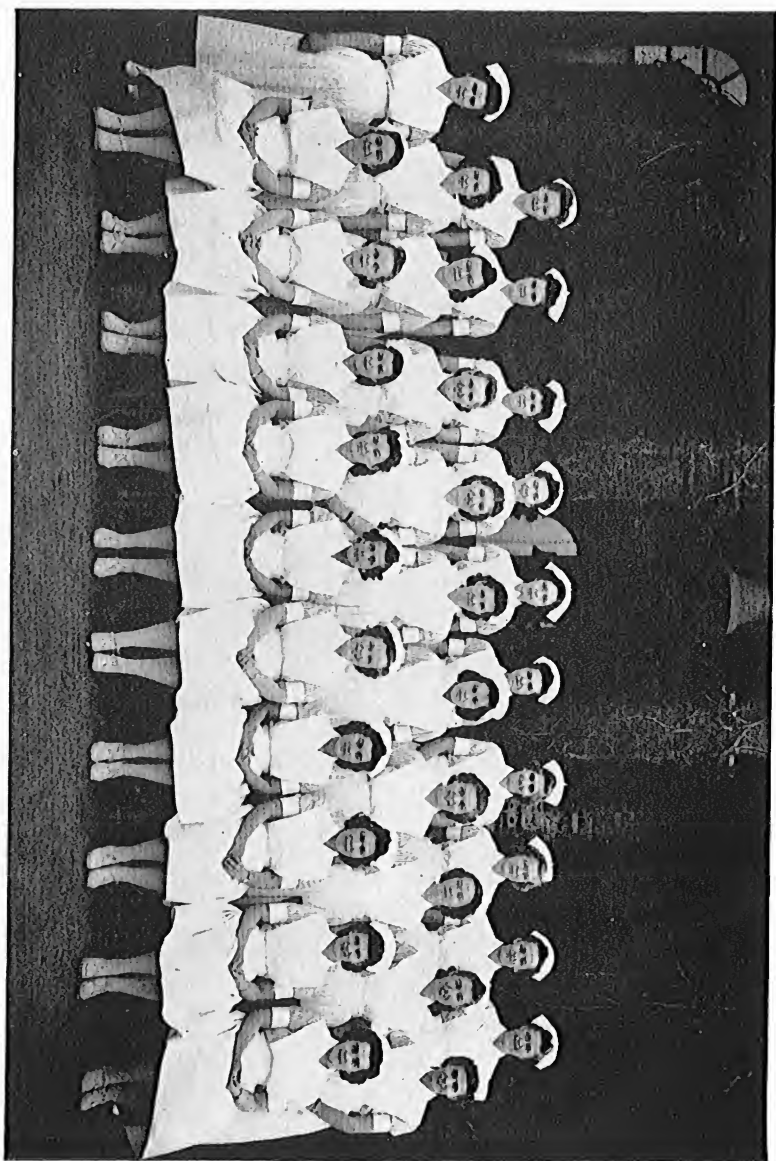
V. Progress:

We have stepped inside the border of our last year. Convalescence spent knitting squares and sweaters for British War Relief.

Prognosis: Good. Future unpredictable but nice.

VI. Observations made: Never, never leave case studies to do until last week of training.

CLASS OF 1942



Class of 1943

We are nine- and twenty-three
Came in training—nurses to be
In wintry blasts and autumn fair
Vassar greeted us with a welcome air.

We donned our smocks and went to class.
And learned to give each other baths—
Enemas, preps, sterile technique
Came subsequently week by week.

We've been on nights—thought 'twould be dull
But found it's busy with never a lull.
We were scared to death, 'twas spooky as sin
'Twas the worst situation we'd ever been in.

But we survived, and to end our tale
We'll carry on with wind in our sail.

Over The Bridge Table

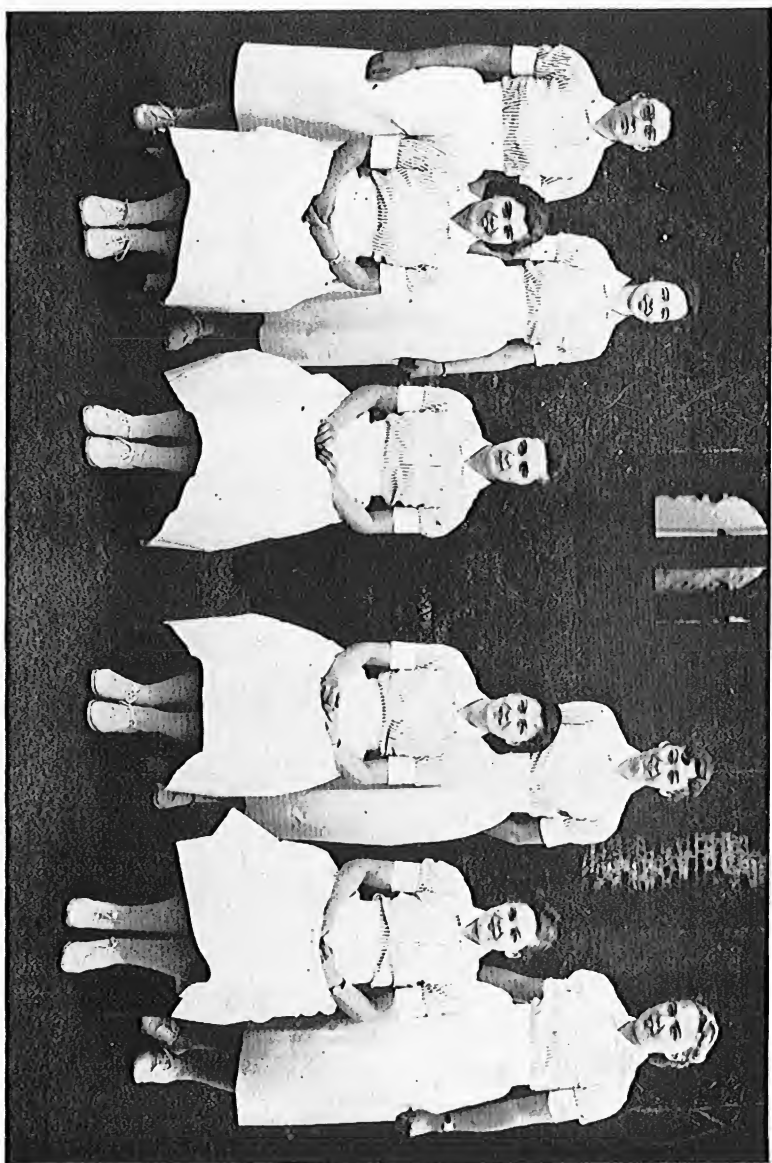
"Two clubs—Really, Carrie? Your daughter, too? I'll never forget entrance day, will you?—a bright September day, scared stiff and anxious. She was a changed girl when she began work in a real uniform—No, I've bid, Mabel.

"Was she tickled when she told about the initiation by seniors and interns. Masked forms and dark corridors, all ending with stunts.

"My turn—Hard on them, Carrie? Yes, but those months of preclinical work were tough, too. Pa and I were relieved when they got capped this February. Seems they were the first ones ever to receive letters to announce their acceptance.

"Three hearts—Now there are thirty-two of them all together. There were ten in your daughter's February class, Carrie. They got capped in June, didn't they? Nine are left now having survived exams and night duty. Twenty-four began in mine's group, but one dropped out.

"Your game, Carrie—I wonder what these next years hold for them, the class of '43. I just wonder."



A Demonstration

I. MATERIAL

Nine new preclinicals

II. OBJECT

To repair or improve the lines of those unfortunates
whose paths we dictate

III. PROCEDURE

1. To demonstrate our awkward procedure on classroom Susie
2. To disintegrate our young French lady
3. To clothe our skeleton

IV. NOTES OR DON'TS

1. From Miss Lindberg—Don't forget the technique of procedure
2. From Miss Sweet—Don't forget that silence isn't golden
3. From Senior Nurses—Don't forget that you are only a preclinic
4. From the Internes—Don't forget girls, that the floor is hard

V. RESULT

We are still nine new preclinicals

Lest We Forget

A wild goose chase by Rinso for canned steam.
Jini and Edie making whoopee on the Fourth of July.
Johnson and Lyon's Home Delivery Co. "clamp, Duck"—
Judy and Edie hungry again and locked in the D.K.
Van's crying jag and carphology.
Nagle's being rescued from the O.R. bucket by Dr. Bacile.
Colic being pried out from under the closet in Home 2.
Windy's triangle: Woody and me and Mary make three.
The time Willy mistook Miss Headley for Perry
Carrol's fondness for saying "auricular ventricular bundle of His"
Gruner's love for Kellogg's cornflakes.
The time Sincerbox took a blood sugar from an artery.
The time King caught the egg and the time she didn't.
Jamie's coyness in class
Beam's monopoly on the Record room.
Thomson's levine tube.
Mohurter's pre-date preparations.
Lasher finishing a day ahead of schedule.

Famous Last Words

"May I have my late leave, Miss Davidson?"
"I just saw caput on that gravida twelve, Miss Brink."
"But Gene, my watch says five minutes of twelve."
"Send a nurse to the office for a new patient."
"I'll start my case studies next week."
"Is that the sterilizer running over?"
"Dr. Ward, I can't get the patient's pulse and respirations."
"But I really should stay in and study for my final tomorrow."
"Please return your late leave key."
"Meeting of all day nurses at 7:10 P.M."
"I worked for Jamieson and she worked for Pflieder. Plain worked for you and Pflieder worked for Plain, so now you owe me."

An Interne's Salute To Nurses

I could have the heart to spare you these idle words of mine, but I hope a homeopathic dose will not prove lethal.

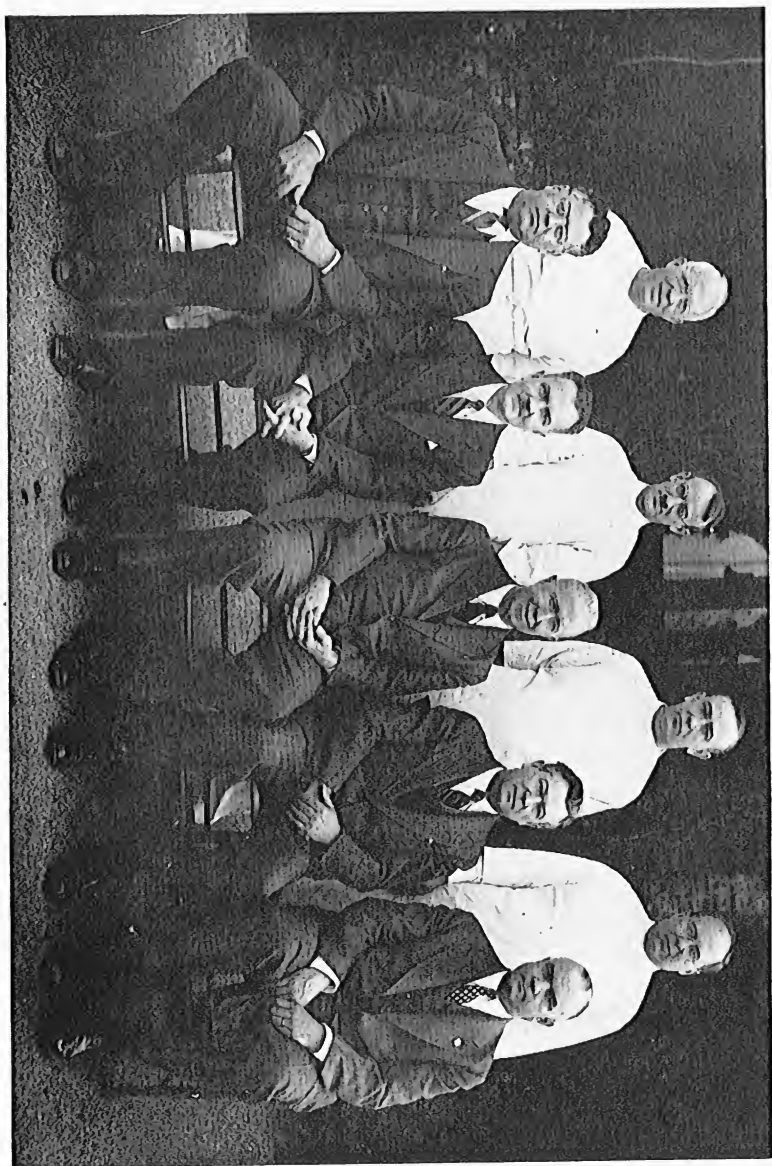
Perhaps you feel your work's complete—you have nothing more to achieve, no further goal to attain. These feelings possessed singularly or collectively would justify this rambling.

You enter a noble heritage—made so by no efforts of your own, but by a noble group of women who have unselfishly sought to do the best they could for suffering mankind. This is essentially your definite aim. But certain instruments are necessary in building a mental attitude conducive to your work.

At this point allow me to suggest to you a virtue with which no other quality ranks—imperturbability. This essential virtue means coolness and presence of mind under all circumstances, calmness amid storm, clearness of judgment in moments of grave peril, immobility and impassiveness. Achieve this gift, for it is a blessing to the possessor, and a comfort to all who come in contact with him.

May the practice of nursing enable you to live a rich, a happy, and an abundant life.

—D. V. E.



Glossary

DAY NURSE: A white stockinged lassie who keeps you busy all day long trying to make you comfortable.

NIGHT NURSE: A good looking gal who presents you with a thermometer —then hopes you won't ring again until the day nurse comes on.

DOCTOR: A big chief who tells you nothing and makes you believe it.

SUPERVISOR: The boss of a ward or corridor who nods an intelligent head and agrees with everything you say.

PATIENTS: People without it.

SICK BED: A contraption with a mattress like a tomato worm; that you wish you were in when you are out of, and wish you were out of, when you are in.

SEMI-PRIVATE: A room tenanted by two people who hate each other or become life-long pals.

WARD: A club room for sick people.

RUBBER SHEETS: An insurance policy charged with electricity.

OPERATING ROOM: A butcher-shop deluxe with plenty of profits but no sales.

STETHOSCOPE: A private telephone line with no central that the doctor listens in on even if it isn't a party line.

X-RAY: A photographic outfit with an interior motive.

VISITORS: Friends or relatives who call upon you just as your doctor comes or you are indisposed.

THERMOMETER: A glass register that usually gets to the bottom of things.

CRANK: The starter on a sick bed that is continually being misplaced.

CUPBOARD: An oasis for people whose diet is being watched.

BUZZER: A call button which is generally out of reach.

HEADACHE: Certain people to certain nurses; certain nurses to certain people.

ROY JACKSON

Our Hit Parade

Brock—There'll Be Some Changes Made.

Sickler—Love in Bloom.

Johnson—With the Wind and the Rain in Your Hair.

King—What Do You Know, Joe?

Sarinsky—Darn That Dream.

Van—I'm Nobody's Baby.

Gruner—All the Things You Are.

Jamieson—Davi'l May Care.

Pfleider—you're a Sweetheart.

Sandleben—you, Too, Can Be the Life of the Party.

Wilhelm—A Little Bit Independent.

Husted and Richardson—Pardon Us, We're in Love.

Plain—High on a Windy Hill.

Sincerbox—Sunrise Serenade.

Lewis—Chatterbox.

Nagle—Small Fry.

Cole—Dark Eyes.

Lyon—I'll Never Love Again.

Lasher—Perplexed.

Carroll—The Last Time I Saw Paris.

Perrine—I Hear a Rhapsody.

Beam—Let's Dream This One Out.

Mohurter—Six Lessons From Madame Lazonga.

Faulkner—Cornsilk.

Thomson—It's Only Make-Believe.

Miss Lindberg—I Understand.

Miss Dunwoody—Maryland, My Maryland.

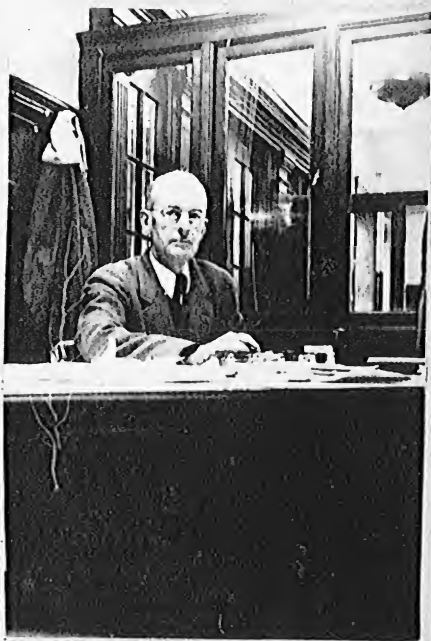
Charlie—My Buddy.

The Morgue—Be Still My Heart.

Larry—The Man That Comes Around.

Frank—It's a Blue World.

Dr. Espinoza—Let Me Call You Sweetheart.



On Leaving "Tower"

One last remembering, one minute more,
One glance around my room, then break the spell
And pack away my books. No use to dwell
On winged hours passing — other girls before
Have said good-bye and softly closed the door,
Have looked down from this window, seen the swell
And the peace of the river, loved as well
As I the feel of misty nights, the muffled roar
of trains through darkness.

Future days, I know,
Will hold as much of beauty. Come, strip bare
The shelves and tables. What's an ended year
With all of life before me? Bravely go
Along the empty halls, nor turn to stare
At ghosts of days, dear days, behind me here.

IN MEMORIAM

KATHERINE F. TOBIN

Executive Housekeeper in Vassar Brothers Hospital
from

May 1, 1928 to July 31, 1940



NURSE'S WEEKLY BULLETIN

WEEK OF JUNE 8, 1950

D. T. WILHELM, *Editor*

Variety Show to be held Tuesday Night

Proceeds to benefit Sarinsky
Orphanage

The entertainment will be preceded, by the annual meeting of the SPCP, Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Preclinicals. Adelaide Carroll, president, will conduct the session. A report will be given on the treatment of preclinicals in Siberia by Edith Sickler, world traveler. Helen Johnson's latest book, "How to Captivate your Patients with Patience," will also be reviewed. The variety show will feature dancer Beatrice Mohurter, singer Virginia Brock, pianist Gladys Perrine, and comedienne Judith Sandleben.

Admission 75c.

Would you like a pen pal? Send self-addressed, stamped envelope, together with personal hobbies and preferences to M. King and G. Lyon, army correspondents, care of box 606.

Have you seen the Nifty Nagle Uniform?

On display at Faulkner's Fashion
Shop.

Professionally correct as a uniform. Can be worn on many occasions—remove the sleeves and wear it around the house; reverse the collar and wear it as a tea dress; unbutton the skirt and wear it on the tennis court. Originally styled by Bette Nagle. Modeled by Lillian Thomson.

Harriet Sincerbox, president of the local WTCU, announces the beginning of the annual candid camera contest. Doris Coles, well known camera authority, will be judge of all entries.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

Dear Miss Wilhelm,

For the past three years I have been doing research work on jaundice among the Chinese coolies. Could you please tell me if there is any connection between this disease and yellow journalism?

Mildred Gruner

NURSE'S WEEKLY BULLETIN

Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me if anyone has seen Jane Jamieson lately? The last time I communicated with her she was selling her patented sun tan oil to natives in the tropics. I have named my youngest daughter, Jane, for her and would like to know where I can find her.

The former Ruth Plain

Dear Editor,

In regard to last month's article advocating that the delivery room should not be more than three flights above or below the obstetrical floor, I should like to state that here at the Gravidarium-Lying-In-Hospital our obstetrical wards are on the first floor and the delivery room on the 22nd floor. We have no problems resulting from this arrangement; in fact, the mothers find it very easy to bring the baby up.

Florence Richardson,
Supervisor of Obstetrics

Come to Tonto Ranch for Rest
and Enjoyment

This ranch offers many diversions—including an Indian Reservation in accurate reproduction.

Have your health and spirits restored simultaneously. Moderate rates and cheerful credit. Address queries to K. Van Valkenburgh, Prop.

Sign up now if you wish to take the efficiency course directed by M. E. Pfeider. The first week's lecture will be given by Jeanne Lewis on "Public Health Nursing in Pediatrics." Barbara Beam will present the next topic "An Appendectomy as the Patient Sees It."

Stop on Route 53 at M. Lasher's
"Grandma's Goody Shoppe."

Home cooked meals. Overnight tourist guests accommodated. Out of town guests will be shown local spots of interest by hostess, E. Husted.



In Appreciation of Miss Davidson

OUR CLASS ADVISOR

We have heard of "natural nurses"
Who it seems were born to be
The leaders and examples
For such hopeful girls as we.
But we never thought we'd meet one.
Working with us, at our side.
Whose calm, complete efficiency
Would fill our hearts with pride—
Whose perfect understanding
Turned our doubts to confidence
Whose willing hand would help us
With no thought of recompense,
May we never disappoint her
May her teachings with us stay.
May she call us all true nurses
On our graduation day.



Last Will and Testament

The members of the Class of 1941, who are about to depart from this sheltered realm, do solemnly bequeath and devise their possessions as follows:

To the training School Office we leave many thanks for their tolerance and guidance during the last three years.

To Miss Dunwoody: All the words of "Because."

To Roberta Ager: Jeanne Lewis' self-confidence.

To Katherine Biggert: "Jini" Brock's energy.

To Dorothea Boesch: "Ollie" Faulkner's ability to do neat work.

To Mildred Smith: Carrol's tact.

To Dr. Storrs: A pair of water wings for future use in the Navy.

To Bernice Simms: "Sonny" Johnson's ability to make three dates for one night.

To Judy Pendell: Van's unaffected air.

To Frank: A bigger horn to blow.

To Dr. Ward: A few more namesakes on Ward VI.

To Elaine Stewart: The personal appearance of "Millie" Gruner.

To Ruth Williams: Bette Nagle's worldly wisdom.

To Mrs. Plain and Miss Van Dyne: A wish for a very happy future.

To Elise Coons: The naiveté of "Jamie."

To Dr. Espinoza: Another group of admirers.

To Cecilia Yankowski: Judy Sandleben's modesty.

To Mort: A life subscription to Comic books.

To Miss Gleason: A new utility room for Ward V.

To Miss Fullam: A maid for Ward II.

To Larry: A master key to Tower Home.

To Stella: A party line.

To Mr. Bacon: An observation car.

To Irma Bruns: Awe of superiors.

To Nial: An exchange basket with broken glasses and handleless egg-beaters.

To Anna Tabor: An elevator for Tower.

To Bill Owen: A pair of rubber soled shoes.

To Dr. Kerrigan: An automatic machine to mummy babies.

To Miss Brink: A dog team.

To Charlie: A few more pals.

To Dr. Meyer: A 2-1 odds on any bet.

To this we set our hand and seal on this the fifth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred forty-one.

Witnesses—

FRANK

MORT

CHARLIE

MEMORIAM

TO

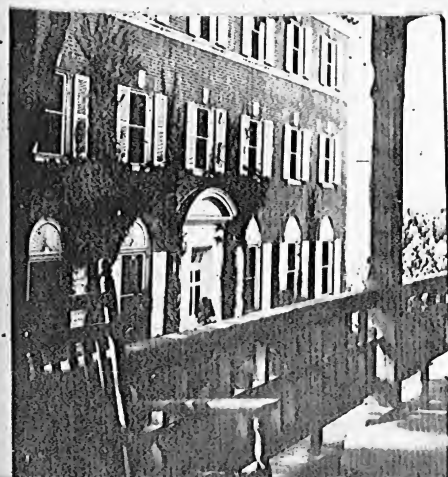
JACOB STRICKLER

PHARMACIST AT VASSAR BROTHERS' HOSPITAL

JUNE 1, 1928 — AUGUST 15, 1940

We Wonder

- If Miss Tyler ever shouted.
If Miss Reuman ever accounted for all the bottomless kettles.
How Dr. Harrington can remember everyone's name.
If Miss Sweet was ever asked a question that she couldn't answer.
If Miss Knapp ever lost her temper.
If Miss Brink ever had an Obstetric Class that could spell.
If Dr. Moffit ever ran.
If Boesch ever found out where they keep sterile ice.
If Van ever said "I feel fine."
If Dr. Tytko was ever in a hurry.
If Miss Davidson ever had coffee in the morning without being interrupted.
If Dr. C. Crispell was ever without a pun.
If Nagle was ever at a loss for words.
If Dr. Stibbs was ever without a cigar.
How King is going to like living in North Carolina.
If Miss Thompson realizes how much we think of her.
If there are any more at home like Colie.
How Lyon ever got along without Johnson.
If Dr. Thomson was ever impolite.
If Sandleben will ever be without a joke to tell.
If Carroll and Jamie ever agreed.
If any class ever had as much trouble with their yearbook.
-



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Emma: "Is it a good likeness?"

Anna: "I don't know yet. I haven't had it developed."

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Miss C.: "I was told you couldn't come to work today and here you are looking fine."

Miss P.: "Oh, that was my dumb roommate. She wasn't supposed to call until next Friday."

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J.: "I don't see Charlie nearly as much as I used to."

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